or witty, is merely a repetition of that which you have heard in substance, if not in form, from other men fifty times before, and read as often. But Mr. Crosse's talk is his own.

You may differ from his opinions, you may question his accuracy, you may contest his arguments, you may smile sometimes at views that may seem to you visionary and wild, because they are different from your habitual trains of thinking, and therefore startle you; but you cannot complain that they are common-place; they are not echoes of the voices of others, not gems in a new setting, stolen from books old or new. Fools may deride them as being strange; wise men know their worth; fools have laughed before, when the better taught have struck the hill-side, asserting that rich ore was hidden in the stones the fools had called rubbish, and scarcely have they ceased their gibes when they have beheld the metal elaborated and glittering in their hands.

Every man has his hobby; the saying is an old one, but it means nothing more than this, that every man has some preponderating taste which governs its pursuits, and the gratification of which engrosses the largest share of its attention. Happy it is when that hobby is not only a harmless one, but ennobles the rider, and brings with it blessings to mankind. Mr. Crosse's hobby is the science of electricity; to that he has directed the studious reflection and the industrious labours of a life. No branch of science is unknown to him, but electricity has been his especial pursuit; and if he has not spun so many pretty theories about it as other philosophers, he has advanced the practical, experimental investigation of it much further than ever it was carried before. As this is the theme on which his thoughts most dwell, it is that of which his mind is the most full. Touch that chord and see how he will discourse! As he describes to you all those wonders, not imaginations of a dreamer, but realities, which he has himself seen, and proved by producing, his face is lighted up; his eyes are fixed upon the ceiling; present things seem to have disappeared from him, lost in the greater vividness of the ideas which his full mind throngs before him; he pours out his words in an unfailing stream; but, though he has a command of epithets, he finds language inadequate to express his conceptions of the might of that mysterious element which, though so very mighty that it could annihilate a world as easily as it lifts a feather, he has summoned from its throne, compelled into his presence, guided with his hand, and made to do his bidding!—thus surpassing the fabled feats of the enchanters of old.

Before you visit the hall where this mighty power is at work night and day, obedient to his command, and daily shewing itself in some new shape (a very Proteus), yet unable to escape from the potent spell of the magician by whom it is compelled, you would like to stroll with your distinguished host into the plantations and gardens. Step through the window into the lawn, and follow him.

But, beware!—you are no longer in the company of a sage philosopher, but of a man (we might almost say of a boy) full of fun and frolic, and laugh and joke! That roguish twinkle of the eye, and half-suppressed curl of the lip, betoken mischief. Look at him!—there is not a trace of the student in his manner or in his talk. Can this be he whom we heard but two minutes since discoursing, with the rapture almost of inspiration, of the mysteries of science? He is as merry now as a child at play. What a glorious laugh—a real, honest, hearty laugh—not a stifled titter, as if he were ashamed to be natural. What a step and jump, as though age had been worsted in wrestling with him, and had succeeded only in frosting his hair with its breath in the struggle! It is an almost universal notion that wise men must be grave, and a philosopher is always associated in our thoughts with a solemn phiz, a staid demeanour, eyes that cannot twinkle, a mouth never wreathed with smiles, a chest never convulsed with laughter,—as a jestless, dull, phlegmatic mortal, who deems fun a sin, and rotes frolic a degradation. But this is a very great mistake indeed, as all who have read the biographies of dead philosophers, and all who have had the pleasure of knowing any living ones, will testify. It is your false philosopher, your would-be sage, your fellow of "shame," as Carlyle terms them, who cannot afford to be unwise.

Not such is Andrew Crosse, as you will find ere you have walked with him in his grounds for five minutes. What buoyancy of spirits! what light, cheerful, pleasant talk about field sports, country rambles, rifle-shots, planting, pruning, farming, trees, flowers! He will lead you a pretty dance when once he has got you fairly under his guidance, his bright eye all the while twinkling merry malice. He will shew you banks were wild strawberries ripen, in such multitudes, and so large and richly flavoured, that you may feast as in a garden, and you are startled by the whirr of a pheasant rising from between your very feet, and almost making you roll down the slope in your sudden fright; you will visit his well-stocked and well-trained gardens, and, if you please, pass an hour at the fish-ponds, with certainty of something better than a nibble, for the perch there are abundant and greedy, and you are sure of sport; or taking your gun, or his, for you are heartily welcome to any thing he can supply, you may walk round the park and shoot the rabbits as they run from their feeding places to their holes, and soon bag as many as you can conveniently carry. And if you are a good shot, you may venture a small wager with your host which shall bag the most from an equal number of shots; but be warned by us, and let the bet be a small one, for he is a capital shot and the chances are against you.

Nor will this walk be without profit to your mind as well as to your body. You will not only have breathed fresh pure air, and healthfully used your limbs, though at the expense of a hole or two in your fine town-made coat, but you will have gathered a vast deal of information from your companion, who is intimately versed in all rural subjects. It is the prerogative of *intellect* to find in every thing, however humble or common, food for meditation, and a theme for intelligent discourse. Whatever attracts your attention is sure to elicit from Mr. Crosse some instructive remark; and it is worthy of note that his remarks are almost entirely the result, not of his reading, but of his observation. He is not a book-worm; he is essentially an observer; he is not stored with the ideas of other men, but he is rich in ideas of his own. Like all who have looked closely into nature, he is an humble-minded man; you discover it in every thing he says and does. He has learned by years of study the last, most difficult of all lessons, *not to know*. He rates himself much lower than any other person rates him—a rare phenomenon! nor is this humility of mind assumed; he has not a spark of affectation; the conviction is in him, and it shews itself.—*The Critic.*

BUILDINGS' REGULATIONS BILL.

House of Lords, March 12.—The Marquis of Normanby said, he observed that a Bill had been introduced into the other House for the better regulation of new buildings. It was, however, entirely confined to the metropolitan districts. He could not see any good reason for this circumscribing its operation. He thought that it ought to be extended to other places; and he would put it to his noble friend opposite whether it was not desirable that its provisions should be so extended? There was one part of the Bill which would be of very great use to the metropolis. He alluded to the formation of cellars, except under certain regulations. But, looking to different parts of the country, that provision might be introduced with even greater advantage in a variety of places. He could name towns where actually one-half of the inhabitants lived in these miserable cellars. He wished to know whether his noble friend was prepared to extend the provisions of the Bill to other localities, or would merely confine it to the metropolis? There was another point connected with this subject on which he wished for information. Many propositions had been made for the construction of parks for the health and recreation of the working classes. For the benefit of the great mass of the people in the east end of the metropolis a tract of land, denominated Victoria Park, had been selected. He understood that the works there were suspended. Perhaps his noble friend was not able at that moment to state the cause of the suspension, but would be prepared to do so at a future day. All he should now ask was, what progress had been made in the formation of that park?

The Duke of Buccleuch said, that he was not at present prepared to answer the last question of the noble marquis. Respecting his first question he wished to observe, that in many of the large towns throughout the country there were local acts for regulating buildings which it might not be judicious to interfere with by any general measure, without at least very great consideration. It was proposed that the present measure should be passed this session, after having been well considered in both Houses, and the true meaning of the several clauses made plain. The small towns would then have an opportunity of considering it, and of seeing what portions of it could be made applicable to them, with a view to further legislation on the subject next session. For these reasons the government were not prepared to recommend that the present Bill should be extended.

The Marquis of Normanby put it to the government whether it would not be desirable to extend the provisions of that part of the Bill which referred to cellars now actually occupied to the suburbs of the metropolis, and other parts of the country. The parties occupying them were charged enormous rents, which they were obliged to pay, in order that they might reside in the district where their occupation called them.

The Marquis of Salisbury admitted the evil of having persons huddled together, but did not think the suggestion of the noble marquis would diminish the expense to those parties, as they would have to pay still higher rents perhaps for new abodes.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

Manchester and Sheffield Railway.—Parties have been employed during the past week for the purpose of ascertaining the number of population in the townships through which the above line of railway passes from Manchester to Stalybridge; the following is the result:—From Manchester to Stalybridge, exclusive of both towns, 65,361; inclusive of both, 384,692; population of the township through which the branch line will pass from the railway to Stalybridge, including Ashton-town, and exclusive of Stalybridge, 58,205. The town of Stalybridge contains a population of 21,000, and the town of Ashton-under-Lyne 22,686.

Warwick and Leamington Railway.—The branch railway between Warwick and Coventry, it is now stated, will certainly not be opened before the end of the year; but we are assured, upon good authority, that the division contracted for near to Leamington, extending to Kenilworth-common, will be completed in May next, and that the portion of the line nearest Coventry will also be perfected by the same early period.

Ayrshire, Dumfries, and Carlisle Railway.—We are rejoiced to find that at length a promising movement is being made to have a communication from the south with the western metropolis of Scotland, by a railway *viâ* Carlisle, Dumfries, and Ayr, which cannot fail to secure very great advantage, provided that connection takes place upon the coast, thus taking advantage of the rich mineral resources of the interior, and also of traffic on the entire line from Ayr to Glasgow.—*Ayr Advertiser.*

The Cornwall Railway.—Our readers will have observed last week, with much satisfaction, that the question of a railway through Cornwall is so seriously entertained by the Great Western Railway Company, that it was mentioned by the chairman, in very encouraging terms, at the general half-yearly meeting of the proprietors. Such a notice is practically an announcement of the undertaking to capitalists, and a recommendation of it to their consideration and support. With such a sanction, the Cornwall Railway is no longer a project, but a fact; and as such it will be contemplated by those on whose assistance we must in a great measure depend. At the same time, our friends in Cornwall must remember that it is their own concern; and though it is true that they will require help from beyond the Tamar, yet the more they do for themselves, the more independent will be the position they will be able to assume in meeting of the great companies. The railway will come through Cornwall; of that we have no doubt; but if we do what we can and ought, we shall be able

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